BOWERY'S CALL FOR DRUGS.

IT TAKES QUEER FORMS AND GREATEST AT NIGHT. Fat of Bears, Horses and Dogs and Oil of Snakes and Skunks in Demand Among the East Side Population-Love Philters

Wanted-Muscle Needed by Druggists The Bowery apothecary's period of greatest comsercial activity is at night. By day the prescription business and the sale of patent medicine toilet articles and other things jogs along in a dull way, with seldom an interruption of sufficient mo fully to wake the men of the morter and pertie. But from the time the sun sinks in the rest until the most delinquent lark is piping its matutinal lay these compounders are very busy men indeed, and the profits of the night more than make up for the losses of the day. So it has come about that most of the drug shops in the Bowery remain open all night and advertise that fact conspicuously on the same signs which apprise pos-sible customers that medical advice is served free ch purchase of drugs.

The Bowery, from the apothecary's point of view," said a clerk in an all-night drug shop to a visitor. "Is an altogether different place at night from what it is in the day time. There is practic ally nothing doing during the day, and the our tomers who drift in are decorous and generall; reasonable in their demands. They are usually men and women with prescriptions to be filled or atrangers attracted by the window displays and in ng men and women who want drinks of sod water. But at might all this is different. Regula es throng the drug stores and ask for all ser remodies, some of which exist only fination, but which we have to pretend norte of queer res are actual, and other customers come in search of narrottes and deedly drugs. As the time goes by the prescription trade declines until it ceases, and trade in hermiess remedies much in vogue among those living on the Bowery, who am their lesser etiments without recourse to profession at skill other than what the druggists in this thou oughfare furnish graus with every dose which also goes down with a dull thud."

It's no easy job, this clerking in an all-night drug shop," he continued carnestly, rolling up his sicove and exhibiting an arm which would win approval in a prize ring, "for it requires as much muscle as knowledge of pharmacy. A clerk has got to have plenty of nerve and the courage to elf. Many of the customers who drift in here in the sma' hours are drunk or optum eject in order to keep up our reputation for re-speciability. All-night clerks are subject to every sigle of abuse and insolence artistic and inartistic and the challenges we receive to combat are to many to keep record of without the assistance of private secretaries. To be even small shakes of a success in this business, the pill-roller must be something of a linguist. Our regular customers Hebrews, Germans, Italians, Frenchmer Poles. Hungarians and even Greeks, and we mu be able to converse a little in every one of their languages and read character readily, in order to avoid giving affront to prospective customers by interrogating them in languages other than their own, for all of these foreigners are very sensitive on the subject of the fatherland.

Why is it that our business does not thrive until night? That's easily explained. You see, the great majority of regular customers are at work from morning to night and get no opportunity to attend to their ills or the ailments of their relatives and friends until night. Then the drug shop almost anywhere on the east side is a sort of goodpe exchange for the women, who like to run around after the evening meal for a little castor oil or peppermint for the baby and swap news with one or two of their friends whom they are almost certain to find there. Any evening after seven o'clock you will find small streams of customers pouring into the Bowery drug shops. Most of the wom be carrying babies, who are brought in to darive sit from the free medical advice we give. A little later the men, most of whom are industrious mechanics and laborers, will drop in for a chat with the all night clerk, for he is apt to be the confident of the neighborhood, and the repository of more hopes and fears than there are dollars in a savings bank. After them come the young women, clerks in the big department stores and employees of the great factories or sweat shops, and the young men who usually follow more or less closely in their waka.

"The prescription business is kept booming along at a lively gait until about ten o'clock, an very remarkable, indeed, are some of the things we put up. Home remedies, equally weird, so far as their application is concerned, are also in great demand, and we must know in parcelling them out just how much to a fraction of a hair's beadth our competitors give in a tumbler or the purchaser's own phial for a nickel or dime. Should we put in less than our nearest rival does, then away goes our trade to him. If, on the other hand, in a fit of recklessness or generosity I should put in more of a certain commodity than our competitors, I would establish a precedent from which it would be impossible to recede without ruinous consec Therefore you will find that nearly all of the Bowary pharmacies employ scouts from time to time to make the rounds of the neighborhood and ascer-

"It is necessary to keep in stock full lines of remedies popular in the remote countries whence our customers hail. Many of these medicines are so extraordinary that I doubt if there is an apothary on the west side who has ever heard of them. Dog's lard is one of the most popular of the strange remedies. The Hungarians and many of the Germans think it an infallible cure for consumption and pulmonary diseases of all kinds. Many of them have the dogs killed and try out the fat them selves in order to make certain of getting the real article, and the fat, which bears a strong resemblance to hog's lard, is applied to the patient inte pally as well as externally.

"Bear's lard, too, is often demanded, while the calls for skunk oil and snake oil are too common to be computed. Bear's lard is supposed to be sovereign remedy for croup and other throat and lung troubles peculiar to children, while the oils I mentioned are extensively used by rheumatic old men and women "

"Do you really keep such lards and olls in stock?" asked the visitor, sceptically.

"Well, I must supply my customers' wants," returned the muscular apothecary, with a smile and shrug of his ample shoulders, "otherwise they would soon find a druggist who would supply the demand for such queer remedies. If you can keep and with a rush the three boats started a secret, I will tell you something. The dog's away. It was blowing fresh, the wind tear lerd and the bear's lard jars are filled in the secrecy ing off the edge of a big fog bank to the of the rear room from a large tin can which comes from the establishment of a certain well-known Chicago lard refiner. The snake oil and the skunk oil have so close a resemblance to common cotton seed oil that you could not tell the difference be tween them were it not for the fact that the first two are highly scented. So is the dog's lard, although the scent introduced into it is far from gratifying to sensitive offactories. It is the same way with the bear's lard. Once in a while we have a call for horse lard, while there is quite a run on hare's lard, that article being, it is supposed, infellible in drawing splinters from the flesh and healing flesh wounds caused by rusty nails.

"You see," continued the big apothecary, confidentially, "every colony around here has its own healers in whose ability implicit faith is placed. These healers are by no means legitimate practitioners, who have been educated in the medical colleges. They are ignorant cobblers, coat makers, fruit venders, plaster cast makers, and others of peasant origin, who never saw a college in their lives and who read and write with difficulty, but they are constantly consulted by others of their race and never fall to prescribe one or more of the abourd remedies I have named, or nostrums simi-

"Many of our customers among the young somen come here generally late at night, and atter a great deal of stammering and blushing ask for philters, for the belief in such nonsense is means uncommon on the east side. When I get a call of this kind, I gravely nod assent, walk back belitted the prescription case, and put up some neat little tackages of magnesia or something equally narreless, and hand them to the love-lorn maiden making the demand, with the injunction to open the packages into 'his' glass of water growler, or cup of coffee when the opportunity offers and the heart of the supposed recalcitrant awain will be hers once more. You should see the looks of gratitude I get from some of these blushing creatures. I hate to deceive them so, but bustness is business, and they go away to become our most loyal adherents and to pose as living adver deements of our establishment

"Yos, all this is the bright side of the all-night drug clerk's life. The seamy side begins to appear about two o'clock in the morning. From that time on until dawn his path is beset with trials, tribula ions and tumnit for the majority of his customers owing to dalliance with red evil, are apt to be quarrelsome and prone to make all sorts of absurd and impossible demands. Too many of them are rictims of the opium habit and are sometimes dan gerous when their peremptory requests for the polson are refused. Between twelve and one clock much of the all-night drug clerk's time is aken up by the demands for the beverages of the sods fountain. All sorts and conditions of chance metomers, from the very young to the very old. from the well-dressed rounder who belongs further uptown to the slattern of the Bowery, drop in to slack thirsts which have been acquired in various ways, the proportion of men and women being about equal. Some have been to the music halls and other places of cheap entertainment in the Bowery; others have been engaged in less innocent employments as the avidity of their thirst proulaims. Gradually the ranks of these patr decrease. After one o'clock customers drop in at intervals and this stagnation continues till about two, when there is usually a sudden revival of rushing business. It is then that the optum fiends come here in armies. Some of them modestly de mand twenty-five cents' worth of one-eighth-grain morphine pills, others want as many as \$2 worth of state used by regular opinm dens. and these we are bliged to refer to the Chinese quarter. General they are confused, for they come to us for their ial after having failed to gain admittan

he dens "But you don't sell the drug without prescri

tions, do you? inquired the visitor.

No, we don't here, replied the apothecary, "although there are places in the Bowery where medical advice is given free which will supply the applicant willingly with both prescription and drug. That is a large part of their all night business. But, as a matter of fact, most of the regular opium flends come armed with prescripons. While the suspicion is always present in the apothecary's mind that these prescriptions were not issued by persons with authority to pre acribe deadly poisons, still we cannot refuse to fill There are very few flends indeed in this city who do not know how to fill out their own

"Most of our trouble and physical encounters with belligerent customers grow out of our refuse to sell them deadly drugs without prescriptions great many of the women of the Bowery are addicted to the use of opium in one or more of its forms and when their requests for 5 or 10 cents worth of done is denied in the wee hours after they have had a long bout with the bottle they are very apt to pick up any portable article and heave it a the head of the clerk. The big roughs do the same thing under similar provocation

"Between two and five o'clock we drive a fine trade with the strangers from out of town and the ropolitan young men who have been taking in Bowery sights. Then the sods fountain is requisition once more and I am kept on the jump handing out vichy and ammonia, bismuth, bicarbonate of soda and other compounds suppose to be sovereign specifics for the relief of that tire feeling. During this time, too, we have many ones for whom medicine is wanted principally, and they are usually brought around to us by their young, distracted mothers. It is nothing unusual o find our establishment packed at four or five clock in the morning with a motley throng young mothers, wailing infants, rum-soaked men striving to brace up, and blear-eyed opium flends all shouting their demands at me in frenzied

WHALING AT PORTUGUESE BEND Dangerous Occupation on the California Coast Which Has Now Been Abandoned.

AVALON, Cal., Aug. 7 .- Few readers of THE SUN have ever heard of Portuguese Bend, but not so long ago it was a famous whale fishery, and here a colony of Portuguese lived and engaged in a lively and exciting occupation. To-day the Bend is merely a plain fishing town of very limited extent. It lies on the Santa Catalina channel, the broad and beautiful sheet of blue water between the group of that name and Los Angeles County. In this channel numerous whales are found, it being a fa

mous feeding-ground. "In the old days," said a retired whaler, "we had a big whaling town here, and many an hour I've put in on the lookout. It was a tall mast up yonder on the bluff, and it was my business to watch for whales, and as soon as I saw a puff I let her go. You would see the men running from ca bins and shacks in every direction, tum-ble into the boats that were always ready, and away we would go, for as soon as I had given the word I joined them, and if I do say it I was a pretty good harpooner in my day. There were two things that work-ed against the whaling. One was the whale itself, the California gray, better known among us, on account of its ugly disposition as the devil-fish. More boats were destroy as the devil-fish. More boats were destroy-ed and men hurt than was pleasant. In fact, it was hard to get many to go into the business, so hard a name did the whale have. Then the little fringe of whalebone it has is of very small value. But the fact that the mineral oil companies control the market was the death-blow to whaling here. This is what makes the whales so com

This is what makes the whales so common here now. Some days you can't go over to the islands without seeing several of them. Nearly all breed in the shallow bays down in Lower California, and there is where we got a good many in the old times. "At Magdalen Bay and other places the coast is dotted with the graves of whalers; and there's many a one that never had the luck to get a grave. In every dase it's the same story—whales killed them. It took a long time to get on to the fact that the mother whales were particularly revengemother whales were particularly revenge-ful, and that it was a dangerous thing to kill a young one. I don't think many men escaped when the young had been burt. The mothers became flends, and they seemed to know exactly what the trouble was.

"I struck the Gulf on one trip that was a fair sample of what usually happened. We soon found whales, a school, in fact. wind'ard, and, as the sails were set, the boats went bounding away like living things. In half an hour we came up with the school and the boat steerer put me right on a whale. I let drive, and the boat backed off while they jerked down the sail. In the rush I failed to see a calf alongside, and sent m harpoon through its tall, pinning them both. The mother gave a hump, lifted her tail high in the air, and seemed to stand on her head, whirling round and round like a top, beating the water such blows that you could hearthem reverberating away up the wind like a thunder-clap. By a miracle we backed out of reach, and for a moment we lay by waiting for the flurry to shop. But, instead of rushing off, the whale turned and came at us. The men pulled for their lives, and we dodged her by about six feet, but the other boat was on her quarter, waiting for a chance to get an iron in. The mad whale came up beneath it, and tossed it into the air. Then she stood by and literally hammered everything to pieces, until apparently satisfied, she made off. We pulled to the spot, but could not find a sign of a man. She had churned the life out of them. This is but one in-stance of dezens. You may talk about your sporm whales, with their ugly jaws that can bite a boat in two, and I have been there. I would rather tackle one a day than one of these whales in a month. They not only have this strong attachment for their young, but they have remarkable eyesight, and will follow versels and boats to the bitter end."
Almost as ugly is the orea of the Californian coast. This fish is common in summer.

and is easily recognized by its lofty dorsal fin and white markings. It attains a length of twenty-five or thirty feet. The mouth is armed with rows of terrible tusks, and a seal is but a mouthful, a tid-bit, for this voracious creat-

ure. In one specimen taken on the upper coast, seven seals were found in the stomach, and so insatiable is the snimal that it has been known to leap out partly upon the rocks

to capture a scal.

MCSOFTER'S NEW WATCH FIND BIT OF MECHANISM TRA GRRW TOO FAMILIAR.

its Form Was All Right and That Seeme the Main Thing at First; But After He Had Met a Banana Skin It Devel an Alarming Faculty of Telling Tales.

Several weeks ago McSofter bought himself new watch. The process of purchase cost him considerable time and thought, for it was exsential that the timepiece should be just the prope thing. That is the rule by which McSotter lives: to regard form as the chief thing of life. Whether he is swatting madly at a golf ball on the links or considering what he shall say next to the girl he has just taken in to dinner, his anxiety is less concerning the performance itself than the manner thereof As there are all kinds of watches in the market, McSofter almost went crazy over the betrues and vital questions of size, design, shape and make, not to mention the chain of the watch which was in itself a matter to keep him awake nights

In the course of time the watch was purchased It was just such a watch as thousands of oth men wear, but to hear McSofter expatiate on it, one would suppose it to be a paragon of metheti beauty. That is a pleasing trait of McSotter's character, tending to invest him with a sweet the almost indestructible confiden that the thing which he owns is notably bette than anything else of its kind. In exhibiting his new purchase to his friends he would say:

"Now, that's the kind of a watch that a ma should wear. Nothing loud or gaudy about that about it. Look at the number of fellows that go around wearing watches as big as a cle so small that they look like toys. I tell you, there's good form in watches as well as in anyth and a man can't be too careful to have the right thing.

Then he would conclude by telling how much he paid for it. If anyone asked him it it kept good time he replied, indifferently: "Oh, yes, I suppose so."

One morning McSofter, coming out of his from gate, trode upon a banana peel that didn't have a anger signal attached, and after a brief but one getic ballon excursion came to the pavement with thump that joited the watch from his pocket On recovering it he found to his great relief that it was not externally injured. It had stopped, how-ever, McSofter decided that he'd take it to some downtown repairer, if he could find one near his office. On his way there he dropped in to see his friend Lieut King, and told him hep. It is a habit of McSofter's to entertain Lieut King, who is a patient person, with accounts of his doings, and that gentleman is all ways well-stocked with information regarding his riend's doings and comings, ailments, belong ings, billiard news, golf records, home life and ral opinions. Lieut King had, of course see and admired the watch. On learning of its stop page he advised McSofter as to a repairer.
"Take it to Tinker, just around the corner," I

"Is he a well-known watch repairer?" asked

"He's a wizard on watches. He reads a watch a some people pretend to read handwri "All I want of him is that he'll fix this watch up and do it right I don't want any amateur med dling with it."

"Take it to him," said Lieut King, "and you'll e amazed to find out what he'll tell you about it Tell him I sent you."

McSofter said he'd go around there after lunch on, and having exhausted various topics of consation, left. No sooner was he gone from the pullding than Lieut King put on his hat and huried around to Tinker's, where he had a brief talk with the head of the shop. Tinker made some notes, smiled softly, and nodded. In the afternoon McSofter came in, introduced himself as a friend f Lieut King's, and presented his timepiece for examination, bespeaking for it especial care, as he had selected it from a large number. Tinker ooked properly impressed, opened up the water and looked into it.

"H'm!" he said. "I see you've had a fall." "Yes; that's the trouble with the watch." re lied McSofter.

"Feet went out from under you and you struck m your back," continued the mender.
"That's right," assented McSofter, looking a im with interest. "How could you tell that "The nature of the break," was the reply. "It's

easy to see that the trouble was caused by impact "Well, that's pretty good," said the owner. King told me that you understood watches

"Oh that's a trifle," Interrupted the other. "Any experienced repairer can derive from a watch a layman. But this watch wasn't in good condiion before it was broken. You should either leave it at home when you go to the golf links, or chang

your style of driving. "Change my drive!" cried McSofter, hotly. "Why it took me five lessons at a dollar aplece to reach my present form, and there isn't a man in our clu who has as free a sweep."

"I don't doubt it, Mr. McSofter," said Tinker, soothingly, "but the freedom of a sweep that is no nterrrupted by impact on the ball or is too harsh! shecked by the interference of the turf-"What do you mean by that?" cried McSofter.

"Has a bad effect on the workings of a watch Candidly, Mr. McSofter, isn't it true that, however acreet your form may be, you don't hit the bal nore than once in three times?

"Once in three times?" said McSofter, thoughtfully, "Well, I suppose it must be about that But will you kindly ex plain to me what possible connection-Perfectly simple, so delicate is the curiou mechanism of one of these high-grade chronometer that every form of force exerted by the wearer has its well-marked effects. With this magnifying glass I can easily discern the result of thos violent and impotent swings."

"Well, that's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of," elaculated the amazed McSofter. "Plain diagnosis," returned the other, who had been referring slyly to a piece of paper with some pencilled notes upon it. "Now, take your billiard play. Your game is one of accurate form. should say, but faulty execution.

"I've taken lessons from one of the best profes sionals in the business.

"But you're probably a little nervous, which has bad effect upon your score. Still, I judge that in your last game, played not more than two days ago, you made a run of eight or nine?" "Precisely eight," said McSofter. "If there's a

scoring apparatus in that watch I never discovered "A repetition of sharp strokes has its effect upon the balance wheels," said the repairer, smiling. "For the sake of your watch, however, I should sug

open, particularly as you live near Washington equare." McSofter looked startled. "I didn't give you my address, did I?" he said. "Oh, no. The watch did that."

gest that you cease sleeping with your window

"That watch knows too much," said McSofter uspiciously. "It isn't the instrument's fault. You see, the works are full of dust and with the aid of a magnifying glass we repairers soon learn to distinguish the character of dust from various localities. It is like print to me that your watch lies in a draught at night from Washington square. Am I not right?

"You certainly are. I can throw a stone from my window into the Square." "Yes, yes. Well, hereafter keep your watch under your pillow. By the way, is there a tendency to heart disease in your family?r "Heart disease! Not that I know of. You don't

"There, there; don't be alarmed. I've no doubthat organically you are perfectly sound, though there is cer ainly an uneven heart action indicate by the mechanism of the watch. These fine instruments are so delicate that after a parson has worn them for a time the mechanical action follows the heart action by sympathetic magnetism. For int stance if I have a watch brought to me in which the action is very irregular I conclude that its owner is either a sufferer from heart disease or that he has er a well, what you might call a local and personal affection of the hear

The watch repairer looked fixedly at McSofter McSofter got very red. Tinker glanced at one long shining fair hair which he had removed from the back of the case, presumably the over-looked remainder of a lock, and noted its hus. NOW THE LOGGING SEASON. "In the case of a fair-haired girl," he began, and

McSofter jumped, "there is usually a more inter mittent heart action-"Gimme back that watch!" cried McSofter. "No I don't want it mended. D—n the fine mechanism!
It's too fins. It would give a man away for taking a drink after he'd sworn off. If I left it here five minutes more I suppose you'd know my grandmother's maid n name and whether she had a strawberry mark on her left shoulder."

He seized upon the chronometer, jamm ed 1 in his pocket and strode away, leaving Tinker with a well-developed notion the had rather overd done his part. When McSofter next saw Luce King "That man Tinker is all you said he was and

"Is her said Lieut, King innocently. "I don know him much. Did he fix your watch? "Fix nothing. Don t want to buy that watch, to you? I ... sell it cheap."

Lieut King expressed his amazement that McSoftar should want to part with a watch which met all the requirements of form, etc., and didn t see his way clear to purchasing it. McSofter is still looking for a buyer. He wants to get a 99cent nickel ticker that he can consciention smash when it becomes familiar enough with his habits to give him away. He says that now vuigar display never was in his line anyway, and that a neat, inexpensive timepiece is much more suitable for a gentleman to wear than the astentation and garish elegance of a high-priced gold watch.

ONE OF ROOSEFELT'S TERRORS.

An Equine Veteran of the War With Many Faults and a Single Weakness. He was a veteran of the late war. By was evincing his distante for the ways of peace he had just kicked several holes in the dash-board of

the cart which it was his business to draw. His iriver stood on the sidewalk and alternately cursed and coaxed, the remarks being punctu ated by occasional crashes of the wood-work, as the veteran lifted his powerful heel. It was on the north edde of Washington Square and the usual crowd was offering unprofitable advice Down the steps of one of the big old-time man sions strolled a languid young man clad in after noon tea raiments. He cast a casual glance et the equine veteran, then hastened down the stene and pushed through the crowd. "Hello Pete you devil " he said to the horse

"He do be a devil all right, Sorr," said the driver. But Pete is not his name."

The animal, however, seemed to think other wise. Up went his ears and the skin on his broad ose wrinkled in a peculiarly sagacious way The next instant the young man jumped back with a cessation of languidity that saved the point of his chin. The horse's big teeth snapped n the air. "Up to your old tricks, are you," said the young

man ,and his gloved hand landed with a smart whack across the wrinkling jowl. The veteran tossed his head and snorted, but e didn't kick again. Instead he kept his eyes ntently on the giver of the blow, evidently solicious lest another should follow it.

"Hit him agin, Sorr," becought the driver Av I had cracked him like that, there wad have een no cart left at all." "Where did you pick him up?"

"Back luck to the Harlem man that sold him to me," said the driver. "You know the horse, "Rather," said the young man. "He's one of

l'eddy's Terrors. Aren't you, Pete? Pete started to reach again but changed his aind hastly as the gloved hand swung t him. The crowd, ever eager in interest for any hing about the war, stood waiting.

"He's a real terror, too," continued the youn nan. "He never got any farther than Tampe toward the front, but he made a record there There were men in every troop that had the mark of his teeth on 'em, and we called him the "You was one of the Rough Riders, Sorr?" said

he driver respectfully. "Not rough enough to tackle Peta It wasn't that he bucked, but he had a trick of turning his head and getting a man just above the knee I don't believe there's a horse living with as much ubber in his neck as that beast. How you ever got him in harness is more than I can guess." "When I got him," said the driver, "he was the thin' you cud play chunes on his ribs with a stick. As soon as I begun to feed him he got gay. I'm

thinkin' I'll have to starve him to death to make him any good at all." "What started him kicking just now? saked he Rough Rider. "Sure, he started himself. He took a dislike

to go any farther, and when I bate him he begun "Oh, I'll show you how to cure that balking." said the ex-soldier. "Here, one of you boys, run up to the corner and get me an apple. Pete will ollow an apple as far as he can see it. After he got back to Montauk and the horses were sent up there I found out his weakness, and I could make him follow me all around by putting an apple in my pocket. He could scent it a yard

away. Couldn't you, Pete?" Crack! sounded a blow that landed where the logs upon the sled. You've seen oxen under first had struck, for Pete had casayed another

"Have to keep your eye on him all the while," said the young man. "Hand the apple over here. He held the fruit up to Pete's view and walked

way. The veteran ambled after. The driver clambered into his somewhat fractured cart and the crowd followed. After a few rods had been traversed the apple was given to Pete, who actu illy had the grace to whinny his thanks. He then jogged away steadily enough, his driver shouting back at the ex-soldier his gratitude, singled with offers to sell the horse for ten dollars

IN THE PALMY DAYS. Gambler Won All the Money With the Odd Against Him. From the Memphia Scimitar.

"Times ain't what they used to be in this town," mused the old-timer, as he shoved his hands far down into his trousers pockets and felt about for the "case" coin which he knew

"In them days, 'long about '68, '67 and '68, money was plentiful and sportin' people rolled em high. Jefferson street from No. 9, clean down to Third street, was gambling-houses and every one of them was straight except two and say, that puts me in mind of a lucky play I had one time. It sounds like pipe, but it's true. I beats the game at 40 Jafferson street and they didn't do nothin' but deal the old thing there. It was one of the two brace houses and the fellers that worked there was so crooked they slept in beds made in the shape of the letter S. They couldn't get no rest in no other kind.

reat in no other kind.

"Up at the El Dorado on Saturday nights the kene game begun at 7 o'clock, at 50 cents a card, and ran that away until 9, and then it was \$1 a card. I goes down there one night about 10 o'clock and took my luck with me and by 12 o'clock I had saited away \$600. Next day it was rainin' and drizzlin' and I didn't have nothin'else to do, so I dropped into 'torty' and set into the game there. I knew that the game was bent, but I had this money and didn't mind takin' a chance.

"I hadn't been into the game long until I picks up four acca. I bet 'em up the cat's back and a man across the table kept comin' back at me. When it come to the showdown I had 'im beat and the banker announces that the game is broke.

"I waits till they gits another stake and the game starts again. I played along and finally picks up four deuces. I keeps bettin' 'em and finally the showdown comes again and I has the other feller beat. The banker says the game is broke says in and I cashes in. They were fixin' up hands, you know and I got the 'cooler' twice when it was meant for one of the house men. The man who was to get the 'cooler' gets my hand and, of course, he thinks roll at me.

"The man who owned the joint was upstars."

he has the cooler, so he bets are balla eroll at me.

"The man who owned the joint was upstaken asleep, and they went and woke him up. He comes down bitin' mad and says:

"Where's the sucker that broke this brace game?" and I smiles and says. He's right here. He knows me, and when I says that he smiles and says. Well, it anybody had to get it. I'm glad it's you. You're mighty lucky, you are."

"He didn't do nothin' but fire the fathead that fixed the hands up wrong.
"I wouldn't tell this story if I couldn't prove it, but the man that I can prove it by is right back in the saloon yonder."
The man in the saloon corroborated the story, between drinks.

THE FIGHT AGAINST CANCER.

PARTIES OF MAINE LUMBERMEN GOING INTO THE WOODS.

coming fall and winter, passed northward nearly

three weeks ago. A week later a wagon, fiv

part of the same outfit, and the wagon was loaded

with harnesses, chains, blankets and grain fo

the horses during the trip. From the foot of the

lake they were to go by steamer to the northeas

carry at the head, and thence over the tote roads forty miles arther to the first of White & Hodg-

kins's camps, the men footing it, carrying their packs, the team following with the freight loaded

on wheels or on bob-sleds according to the state

of the road. Other men and teams will follow

these throughout the month, and by the middle

of September the three camps of this firm will be

in operation with their full complement of 150 men and forty or fifty horses. Multiply men and

horses by twenty and it will give you some idea

of the scale on which, during the season now opened, the collective lumbering operations will

Take the camps of White & Hedgkins as an

Illustration of up-to-date Maine lumbering in the

imber woods. When the last of their logs cut

last season had been landed at the rollways at

the end of March, ready to be tumbled into the

water and driven to Oldtown after the ice should

have left the streams, six months' supplies of

provisions, hay and grain for the next season's

operations had been hauled on the snow to the

camps and stored there, 100 tons in all. The

camps are about ten miles apart, and at each of

them a trustworthy man has been stationed as

carekeeper through the spring and summer

After the winter snows have made good sledding

the rest of the supplies for the present season and

for six months of the next will be hauled into the

As the successive installments of men and teams

arrive at the camps the choppers begin the felling

of timber trees, the swampers begin clearing and

eveling the roadways and yards, and the team

sters and tenders start hauling and yarding the

logs. The timber trees selected are pine, spruce and codar, and of these White & Hodgkins will

rut about 6,000,000 feet this season. The logs

held in place by skids. They are hauled

are varded in vast piles, laid lengthwise in tier

from the choppings on sleds by teams of a pair of horses each, and a single team with a long warp-

rope reeved through a block-and-tackle pulls the

logs into place upon the upper tiers. The horses

used in the woods are large, fine animals of th

drayhorse type, and they are well handled, groomed

and fed. While the men are toiling at their out

of-door work the cook at the camp, with his helper,

the cookee, are busily preparing their meals

The fare in logging camps to-day is widely

mproved from the primitive staples, beans,

bread, salt pork, molasses and tea, on which th

woods cook of a third of a century ago rung his

dried fruits and sugar are provided, and pastry

and puddings are part of the noonday meal. In

stead of the open stone fire place in which all the

cooking was done in the old days of logging, the

camp is fitted with a modern range, on which the

cook performs his wonders. But there is on

mmemorial feature of the woods cuisine that

first and last has always held first place. This is

baked beans, and by every camp is the little shee

kettle of beans and pork, with a dash of molass

is buried over night beneath the embers which

cook the contents to the finest turn. The cam

of logs, with its two long sleeping bunks, one

above the other, cling to the wall in which the me

sleep side by side on hemlock boughs; its floors o

poles hewn flat upon the upper side, and the tabl

set with tin plates, cups and spoons, hasn't changed

much with the years except that camps are mor

spacious now. Old lumbermen like sometimes

a crew of twenty-five men at a camp was regarded

o recount their experiences in early days when

as a large one, and all the hauling of logs and

freight was done by oxen.
"When I first went to work in the woods fifty

years ago only oxen were used for hauling at the

camps," a veteran lumber operator said the other

day. "No one thought of beginning the winter's

work until the first snows had fallen, so that sup

plies could be sledded into the woods. For haul-

ing logs a team of eight oxen was yoked to a short

sled, and it pulled the load along by sheer strength.

There was no yarding of logs such as is don-

to-day, and they mostly were hauled directly

from where they were cut to the landing. To load

the sled for each trip to the landing the ozen had

to be taken from the pole and made to-drag the

the yoke, and know how deliberately they move.

You can judge, then, how slow a process the load-

ing and hauling of logs was when we depended

arriving at the camps—the sleds without an atom

of iron in them except the clevis pin at the end

of the tongue, the yokes entirely of wood. The

yoke bows the oxen brought into the woods hung

to their necks, and to make the yokes we hunted

up crooked birch trees with the right bends in the

trunks and hewed and shaved them into shape.

With a pair of horses and the wagon-sled in use

to-day a man can do as much work as one could

do then with a sled and eight oxen. The dif-

ference in expense in favor of the new way is a

great item in the profits of getting out lumber.

The men move quicker and do more work all

along the line now than they did when oxen were

"Men who work in the woods are better fed and

better paid now than they were when I begun the

business and up to the time of the Civil War, when all wages were raised. Then the swampers got

wages paid to any of the men was twenty dollars.

while the head man's pay ranged from twenty-five to forty dollars. Now the swampers receive

from twelve to fifteen dollars a month, the chop-

twenty six dollars, and the head man's pay ranges

thirty to forty dollars while the cookee gets only

we cut nothing but pine timber. We were work-

ing in the first growth, and some of the great pump

kin-pine trees that we felled yielded logs that

would square three feet, with a grain so fine and

mellow that it was just fun to whittle a sliver of

About the first of January the choppers will

begin to leave the woods, those in camps where

work began late in the season remaining at work

during part of the month. After January all the

work done at the camps will be the hauling of

logs from the yards to the landings, and the stor-

ing of supplies for the next season's operations

The first of April will see the completion of this

work, when the crews will leave the woods. At

the going out of the ice the driving crews will be

at the landings ready to roll the logs into the

stream and float them down to the booms at Old-

TO BUILD UP

FERRATIN

THEY MAKE YOU WEIGH MORE.

TABLETS

Sold by all druggloss

pers, teamsters and sled tenders from twenty to

from thirty to sixty dollars. The cook gets from

ten or twelve dollars a month. In the old day

ten or twelve dollars a month, and the

used, for the slow-moving beasts set the pace for

the whole procession.

them with a jack knife."

lown on the high water.

EAT

THE SYSTEM,

tablete in a box.

on them. The sleds and yokes we made after

heltering the bean-hole in which the covered

changes. Now fresh meat, vegetables,

woods to the camps.

be conducted on the Penobscot upper waters.

New Vigor in the Attempt to Check the Advance of This Disease. Disease is nowadays being attacked on every side with renewed vigor and in most perations Quicker New Than in the Old instances with much success. The more Days—Better Wages for the Men and Better Fare, Though the Hean Pot Still Remains in Favor—The Round of Work. rational methods in the treatment of consumption, which have been pursued during the past few years, have already had the POXCROFT, Me., Aug. 19. -On the Piscataeffect of considerably checking its ravages. jule branch of the Bangor and Arocetook Rail oad one may see almost daily parties of hardy Vaccination has for long taken the sting from smallpox. Yellow fever vanishes tooking men, each in charge of a foreman, bound for Moeschead Lake. They are lumbermen wherever efficient sanitary measures are enforced, while it has been demonstrated going into the woods to work. The first crew of the season, a gang of eighteen or twenty men that typhoid fever can be completely driven the advance guard of the Bangor lumbering firm out by a strict attention to the laws of of White & Hodgkins in their operations for the hygiene generally and by insisting upon a

thoroughly pure water and milk supply. There is, however, one disease which has horses and three men came through Foxcroft on their way to Moosehead Lake. They were thus far baffled the skill of scientific men. That is cancer. In spite of laborious research cancer still remains a mystery, and although at intervals within the past few years scientists have announced that its origin has been traced home, upon a careful analysis of the various theories propounded it has always been found that when put to this test they were found wanting. The theory of a parasitic origin is the one which appeals most forcibly to the minds of medical men, and the search for the cancer germ has been, and is now being vigilantly and persistently carried on. In the meantime the truth remains that

no disease has made such rapid headway

within the past thirty years, and especially

in this country and state as cancer. Dr Roswell Park of Buffalo, one of the most listinguished authorities on the subject, declares that the disease is progressing at so rapid a rate that if it continues it will cause more deaths in the state of New York than consumption, smallpox, and typhoid fever combined. In thirty years the deaths per 1,000, due to cancer, have almost trebled in the United States, and during the same period nearly doubled in Great Britain. Mr. W. Roger Williams in the Loncet of August 20, 1898, shows that in 1840 cancer caused 2,786 deaths, the proportion being one in 5,646 of the total population, and one in 129 of the total mortality. In 1896 the deaths due to it numbered 23,521, or one in ,806 of the total population, and one in 22 of the total mortality. In this country statistics are even more appalling. Some statisticians have endeavored to explain away this increase in the mortality from cancer as misleading, and assume that the increase is only apparent, and is due to improved methods in detecting the disease, but even if this to a certain extent be so the increase has been too rapid for this explana

tion to cover the whole ground. Fortunately, there is a bright side to thi dark picture. In this state, Dr. Roswell Park's statement on the subject has aroused the authorities, and already a laboratory has been established and equipped at the expense of the state for the purpose of studying cancer and placed under the direction of Dr. Park. In Great Britain, the literature, both lay and medical, bearing on the question is voluminous, and the govern ment of that country has recently decided to send a bacteriologist to Buffalo in order to inspect the new laboratory as well as to gain fresh ideas. Thus it would seem that the fight against cancer promises to be a energetically waged as that against con on, and there is reason to hope with

THE BATTLE OF FORT DOWLING.

Remarkable Achievement of the Civil War of Which Little Has Been Written.

From Democracy, of Nashville, Tenn. Where the Gulf of Mexico comes into the Sabine Lake, on the coast of Texas, near the Louisiana line, there is a narrow channel of water which is about four hundred vards wide. On the north bank of this little channel to-day one sees the smokestack, a few feet above the water, of sunken boat. Just opposite to it, on the southern bank, there is a dirt wall, square in its shape, and about ten feet high, and ver this a painted sign that reads "Fort Dowling." That is all that now lives as evidence of a thrilling drama, the equal of which the world has never seen, and that was played out at this place back youder in the closing days of our civil war.

Gen. Banks, with plenty of men and boats and plenty of ammunition and sup plies, had gone up the Red River into Louisians and was hammering Kirby Smith and Dick Taylor into destruction. The federal government conceived the idea that Smith and Taylor might be attacked in the rear by an expedition landed on the shores of Sabine Lake, and consisting of some ter thousand men, who would be transported to their landing by a part of the federal fleet. To reach the banks of the lake, of course, it was necessary to go through Sa bine Pass—this narrow channel of which bine Pass—this narrow channel of which I have spoken. Richard Dowling, in command of about forty men, was acting as a scout for Smith and Taylor, and saw the evidence of the coming of this fact of gunboats and transports, and, with his forty men, took possession of a little mud fort at the mouth of the pass, in which there were three or four stranguages, and necessarians and persons a learn and property and persons and per of the pass, in which there were three or four six-pounders and perhaps a siege gun. There he waited with guns loaded and instructions given to his men that they must not fire until the gunboats came well abreast of him, only about 300 yards away. His plan of action was not to shoot until they were immediately opposite, and then to discharge his whole battery at the gunboat. to discharge his whole battery at the gun-boat. This was done successfully; her boilers were exploded, and, together with hundreds of soldiers, she sank to the spot where she now rests. Many died from the steam that scalded them, more from the water that engulfed them. Loading his guns, he sank the next vessel with the same disastrous result to the ene-my, and, loading yet again, he turned hi-

my, and, loading yet again, he turned his guns on the transport following, with a thousand men aboard of her. She, in re-sponse, ran up a white flag. The rest of the fleet turned and sailed away, leaving the dend bodies of the drowned soldiers and the sunken vessels. Dowling, in a dugout (this is a hollowed log or a canoe, as it is variously called), paddled himself out to acceive the surrender of this transport with a thousand men. The commander of the vessel expressed his surprise at such a reception of his white-flag token, and asked why the commander of the fort didn't come why the commander of the fort didn't come in person to receive his surrender. Dowling replied "I am the commander and have come in person," to which the Captain said: "Well, what do you mean by coming this way, in a canoe by yourself?" Dowling answered: "I have no other way of getting here, and hence I came in my dugout." He received the surrender, paroled the prisoners, for he could not take them. soners, for he could not take them soners, for he could not take them in charge, and went back to his comrades. Of these forty, only one had received a wound at all, though the gunboats had shelled the little mud earthwork diligently. In the history of the world nothing simplar, unless it be the battle of New Orleans, has ever happened, and yet, such is the large carelessness of the Southern character in recording its wonderful and numerous deeds of heroism, that but notice has ever been taken of this extra-

Urchin Models. In some sections of the wholesale clothing trade in this market it frequently happens that the shop

doorways are crowded with boys of the street, newsboys, bootblacks, etc., waiting for an engage ment as models. Manufacturers preter to adjust sample garments on living models. A much better fit is effected than is the case by using "dead ones." When word is received that a certain age is wanted all hands rush to the office

FORTUNES WON OR MISSED.

RICHES YIELDED BY MINNESOTA LANDS TO PRESENT OWNERS.

sepised Tracts of Pine Land Found to Contain Ores Worth Millions I mek Abroad of Minnesota Men Who Pailed to Gain Wealth at Home-Three New Mines. DULUTE, Minn., Aug. 17.-In 1884, township 57-20, in this county, was offered at public male by the Government. A little of it was bought by iumbermen, but most of it remained unsert Shortly afterward M. H. Alworth bought a large tract of the land for the pine thereon, and having no money, obtained the necessary cash from a Detroit man who gave him a third interest in all he selected and bought for the work of selection A tract of 160 acres lying close to what is n it the town of Hibbing was bought by Alworth to \$1.25 an acre, \$200 in all. Recently one half of this tract was sold for \$400,000 cash to John 1 Rockefeller and his associates in the Lake Superior Consolidated Mines. Alworth's share was \$188,000. From other sales to mining companies of lands in the same locality bought at the time and in the same way, Mr. Alworth is a male

ionaire. Two years ago the Chapin mine, which with is ships was sold a few days ago for \$3.750,000, was offered to a mining corporation of this city for \$200,000 and was refused.

Ten years ago John Helmer, of Duluth, took up a homestead at what is now Mountain fron an the Messba range. When it came time to com-mute and pay \$1.25 an acre for the land, he was ds and one tract of forty acres had so little pine that he decided to give it up. It would have taken \$50 to keep it. To-day that furly acres is the Mountain Iron mine from which so much ore will be shipped this year that its owner, Mr. Rocke feller, will net about \$575,000, and his railroad will receive more than that sum. Fifteen million dollars would be cheap for the ore deposits and traffic contracts of this \$50 tract that Mr. Helmer dropped.

A few years ago a big logging company of this district abandoned some of its lands for taxes. The pine had been cut off and there was no visible value to the ground. One of its members thought there might be value in the land for farming or comething else by and by and paid the taxes, tak ing the land in his lown name. Last spring he sold out to the American Steel and Wire Company for \$800,000, and that company would not ell today for twice that sum

A large interest in the Chandler mine, which ast year paid a dividend of 40 per cent on its \$1,000,000 capital, was once sold by a Duluth man for \$2,700. Scores of mines of iron, copper, rold and silver, in this vicinity which were sold for a few dollars or for a grub stake, have since prought their tens and hundreds of thousands The list might be multiplied indefinitely, and with s striking examples as any of those noted. Is t any wonder that Duluth men are interested in es widely scattered over the world?

Three notable instances of enormous profits coming to Duluth men from discoveries of mines and their operations have just come to light. Five years ago John McKinley was a mine operator on the Mesaba range in this county.

He discovered the McKinley mine, said to be one f the finest then on that range, and he soon sold o Mr. Rockefeller for more than \$10,000 000 nething happened and Mr. McKinley found himself worth not much more than enough money to pay his debts. In 1897 he saw a future in copper and spent his time in the Michigan copper region. He made money easily in lands in the Keweenaw formation around Houghton and the Ontonagon country, but was after something still better and finally went to the Sudbury region, east of Lake Superior in Canada. There about all the nickel of the world, except that from New Caledonia, is mined. The Canadian Copper Company, a creation of the Rockefellers end other Standard Oil men, had the entire field. Last year it is said to have produced metal worth about \$11,000,000, and at a labor cost of loss than \$1,000,000.

By careful prospecting Mr. McKinley found what he believed to be a bigger property than that of the Standard Oil people. He secured more than 4,000 acres of mineral lands, including what were known as the Mount Nickel, Mount Etna and Trillabella The Mount Etna has three distinct veins from 15 to 1,000 feet wide at surface and more than 17,000 feet long. The Trillabelle has a deposit 10,000 feet long and 1,000 feet wide, contain ing copper, nickel, gold, silver, lead and cobalt, with a total value of more than \$40 a ton. The Mount Nickel has a rich deposit of rock containing all these minerals running for a mile across it. At a depth of thirty feet the mineral is ninety feet wide and at points it is 300 feet wide. On this a reduction plant is now going up, which will be at work in about a month. It is predicted by experts that the concern will have its stock on a dividend basis in

an any copper mine ever opened The Mesaba range in northern Minnesota, which is now the chief source of fron ore in the United States, was discovered by the Merritt brothers of Duluth in 1891, only eight years ago They branched out rapidly, and when the panic struck them were unable to meet their obligations and the property went into the hands of Mr. Rockefeller. The Merritts did not sit down and be noan their losses. They went to Mexico, and there rwithin the past year have opened mines that are said to be among the most wonderful of that rich region. They have now 500 men at

work day and night digging silver and gold or That is a second instance. Another has just been developed by the reports made by the Orford Copper Company, smelters of New York. Their reports show that from a shipment of two caroads of copper ore from Parry Sound, Ontario, there was obtained for the Parry Sound Copper Company the sum of \$2,163 net profit above all smelter tells and freight charges from Parry Sound to New York. The Parry Sound Copper Company is a new thing, and its organizer and head was two years ago a starving and struggling lawyer of Duluth. He was starving for the reason that all his time and money were spent in tha study of copper and in travelling to mining districts from the coast of Alaska to the far East,

To-day the company of which he is the head refused an offer of \$1,000,000 for one of its many properties. Robert Forbes went to Parry Sound on the cast above of Georgian Bay, two years ago, and soon convinced himself that the copper veins there were the richest he had ever seen. The region was settled by French Canadian farmers and Mr. Forbes was able to get options on more than 12,000 acres of lands of his own selection for a trifling sum. The company that controls the lands is a close corporation, composed of Mr. Ferbes two or three Duluth men, and several living in St Paul and Minneapolis. The first purchase money on the properties was paid los-The six first cars of ora shipped to New York netted the company \$7,957, or \$53 a ton after paying all the heavy transportation charges and the profits of the smelters. The company is now sinking a permanent working shart, is down 55 feet in solid pyrites and bornite, and expects to eatch the main vein at 90 feet.

Some 4,000 tons of as good ore as has been shipped is already on the dumps, and every ton of stuff handled so far has been pay rock. There is a vein traceable for eleven miles, and the company is sinking shafts as fast as it can find men to do the work. A smel'er to handle 150 tons a day will be erected to treat rock that runs from ten to fifty five per cent mineral. The rock is a good deal like that of the McKinley properties, in the minerals it. carries, and in many cases the veins are from 200 to 500 feet wide. Parry Sound has been settled for years, and in the early days some explora ion was done for copper with good results, but everybody scemed to have forgotten about it till Mr. Forbes and his associates learned of it, secured all use lands they wanted and began to show the riches of the region. Now every farmer for miles around thinks that if he holds on to his lands for a little while copper "will grow there, too,"

A Missourian's Contempt for a Surf Bath. A Missourian at Manhattan Beach looked with contempt at the men folling in the sand

Bhucks," said he, "they think they are having fun. Have to come ashore to get in the sand. They ought to live in old Missoury, on the river. You get the sand and water mixed there. Sometimes a man gets more sand than water and has to go home and be washed off. Them mud baths in the North-west that you hear so much about ain't in it with a wash in the old Missoury."